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You know the story—how good Queen Bess, pointing to the beautiful hair of a peasant girl, said, "There's a real royal crown. I would trade my golden one for it." That was long ago. Now you can have a "real royal crown" of your own, simply by using Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes the hair grow thick and long and stops it falling out. When your hair is rich and heavy, and when the closest inspection fails to detect a single gray hair, you will certainly look a great deal younger, and you will be much better satisfied with yourself, too. Isn't that so?
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.
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Oceanic S. S. Company
Time Table

The steamers of this line will arrive and leave this port as hereunder:

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

Alameda	July 22
Sonoma	August 8
Alameda	August 12
Ventura	August 24
Alameda	September 2
Sierra	September 14
Alameda	September 23
Sonoma	October 5
Alameda	October 14
Ventura	October 26
Alameda	November 4
Sierra	November 16
Alameda	November 25
Sonoma	December 7
Alameda	December 16

FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

Alameda	July 27
Ventura	August 2
Alameda	August 17
Sierra	August 23
Alameda	September 7
Sonoma	September 13
Alameda	September 23
Ventura	October 4
Alameda	October 19
Sierra	October 25
Alameda	November 9
Sonoma	November 15
Alameda	November 30
Ventura	December 6
Alameda	December 21

In connection with the sailing of the above steamers the agents are prepared to issue, to intending passengers **Coupons Through Tickets** by any railroad from San Francisco to all points in the United States, and from New York by any steamship line to all European ports. For further particulars apply to

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AGENTS, HILO.

White Horse

The Blazed Trail
By STEWARD EDWARD WHITE
Copyright, 1902, by Stewart Edward White

There he stood and looked silently, not understanding, not caring to inquire. Across the way a white-throat was singing, clear, beautiful, like the shadow of a dream. The girl stood listening.

Her small, fair head was inclined ever so little sideways, and her finger was on her lips as though she wished to still the very hush of night, to which impression the inclination of her supple body lent its grace. The moonlight shone full upon her countenance. A little white face it was, with wide, clear eyes and a sensitive, proud mouth that now half parted like a child's. Her eyebrows arched from her straight nose in the peculiarly graceful curve that falls just short of pride on the one side and of power on the other to all the eyes with a pathos of trust and innocence. The man watching away could catch the poise of her long white



The girl stood listening.

neck and the molten moon fire from her tumbled hair—the color of corn silk, but finer.

Behind her lurked the low, even shadow of the forest where the moon was not, a band of velvet against which the girl and the light-touched twigs and bushes and grass blades were etched like frost against a black window pane. There was something, too, of the frostwork's evanescent spiritual quality in the scene, as though at any moment, with a buff of the balmy summer wind, the radiant glade, the hovering figure, the filigreed silver of the entire setting would melt into the accustomed stern and menacing forest of the northland, with its wolves and its wild deer and the voices of its sterner calling.

Thorpe held his breath and waited. Again the white-throat lifted his clear, spiritual note across the brightness, slow, trembling with ecstasy. The girl never moved. She stood in the moonlight like a beautiful emblem of silence, half real, half fancy, part woman, wholly divine, listening to the little bird's message.

For the third time the song shivered across the night; then Thorpe, with a soft sob, dropped his face in his hands and looked no more.

CHAPTER XXII.

FOR several days this impression satisfied him completely. He did not attempt to analyze it; he did not even make an effort to contemplate it. Curiosity, speculation, longing—all the more active emotions remained in abeyance, while outwardly for three days Harry Thorpe occupied himself only with the needs of the Fighting Forty at Camp One. He was vaguely conscious of a great peace within him, a great stillness of the spirit.

Little by little the condition changed. The man felt vague stirrings of curiosity. He speculated aimlessly as to whether or not the glade, the moonlight, the girl, had been real or merely the figments of imagination. Almost immediately the answer leaped at him from his heart. Since she was so certainly flesh and blood, whence did she come? What was she doing there in the wilderness? His mind pushed the query aside as unimportant, rushing eagerly to the essential point. When could he see her again? His placidity had gone. That morning he made some vague excuse to Shearer and set out blindly down the river. And so, without thought, without clear intentions even, he saw her again. It was near the "pole trail," which was less like a trail than a rail fence.

When the snows are deep and snowshoes not the property of every man who cares to journey, the old fashioned "pole trail" comes into use. It is merely a series of horses built of timber, across which thick Norway logs are laid about four feet from the ground to form a continuous pathway. In summer it resembles nothing so much as a thick one rail fence of considerable height, around which a fringe of light brush has grown.

Thorpe reached the fringe of bushes and was about to dodge under the fence when he saw her. So he stopped short, concealed by the leaves and the timber horse.

She stood on a knoll in the middle of a grove of monster pines. There was something of the Cathedral in the spot. The girl stood tall and straight among the tall, straight pines like a figure on an ancient tapestry. She was doing nothing—just standing there—but the awe of the forest was in her wide, clear eyes.

In a moment she stirred slightly and turned. Drawing herself to her full height, she extended her hands over her head, palm outward, and with an indescribably graceful gesture bowed a ceremonious adieu to the solemn trees. Then, with a little laugh, she moved away in the direction of the river.

At once Thorpe proved a great need of seeing her again. In his present mood there was nothing of the awe-stricken peace he had experienced after the moonlight adventure. He wanted the sight of her as he had never wanted anything before. The strong man desired it. And finding it impossible he raged inwardly and tore the tranquillities of his heart.

So it happened that he ate hardly at all that day and slept ill and discovered the greatest difficulty in preserving the outward semblance of ease which the presence of Tim Shearer and the Fighting Forty demanded.

And next day he saw her again, and the next, because the need of his heart demanded it and because, simply enough, she came every afternoon to the clump of pines by the old pole trail. But now curiosity awoke and a desire for something more. He must speak to her, touch her hand, look into her eyes. He resolved to approach her, and the mere thought choked him and sent him weak.

When he saw her again from the shelter of the pole trail he dared not, and so stood there prey to a novel sensation, that of being baffled in an intention. As he hesitated he saw that she was walking slowly in his direction. Perhaps a hundred paces separated the two. She took them deliberately. Her progression was a series of poses, the one which melted imperceptibly into the other without appreciable pause of transition.

In a moment she had reached the fringe of brush about the pole trail. They stood face to face.

She gave a little start of surprise, and her hand leaped to her breast, where it caught and stayed. Her childlike down-dropping mouth parted a little more, and the breath quickened through it. But her eyes, her wide, trusting, innocent eyes, sought his and rested.

He did not move. One on either side of the spike-marked old Norway log of the trail they stood, and for an appreciable interval the duel of their glances lasted—be masterful, passionate, exigent; she proud, cool, defensive in the aloofness of her beauty. Then at last his prevailed. A faint color rose from her neck, deepened and spread over her face and forehead. In a moment she drooped her eyes.

"Don't you think you stare a little rudely, Mr. Thorpe?" she asked.

The vision was over.

"How did you know my name?" he asked.

She planted both elbows on the Norway and framed her little face deliciously with her long pointed hands.

"If Mr. Harry Thorpe can ask that question," she replied, "he is not quite so impolite as I had thought him."

"How is that?" he inquired breathlessly.

"Don't you know who I am?" she asked in return.

"A goddess, a beautiful woman!" he answered ridiculously enough.

She looked straight at him. This time his gaze dropped.

"I am a friend of Elizabeth Carpenter, who is Wallace Carpenter's sister, who, I believe, is Mr. Harry Thorpe's partner."

She paused as though for comment. The young man opposite was occupied in many other more important directions.

"We wrote Mr. Harry Thorpe that we were about to descend on his district with wagons and tents and Indians and things, and asked him to come and see us."

The girl looked at him for a moment steadily, then smiled. The change of countenance brought Thorpe to himself. "But I never received the letter. I'm so sorry," said he. "It must be at the mill. You see, I've been up in the woods for nearly a month."

"Then we'll have to forgive you."

"But I should think they would have done something for you at the mill!"

"Oh, we didn't come by way of your mill. We drove from Marquette."

"I see," cried Thorpe, enlightened.

"But I'm sorry I didn't know. I'm sorry you didn't let me know. I suppose you thought I was still at the mill. How did you get along? Is Wallace with you?"

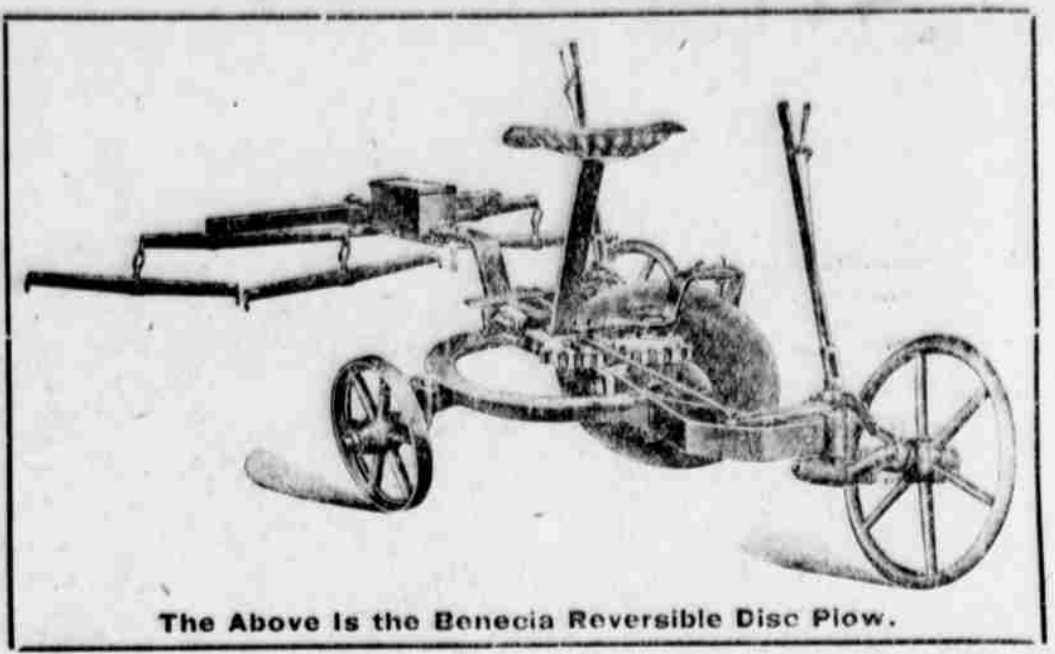
"No," she replied, dropping her hands and straightening her erect figure.

"It's horrible. He was coming, and then some business came up, and he couldn't get away. We are having the loveliest time, though. I do adore the woods. Come," she cried impatiently, sweet-

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